


WHITEHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL QUALITY GLAMOUR MAGAZINE

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ISSUE 19



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- SPECIAL FROM
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The Beefeaters and the Girls in the Tower

... fantasy on a Sunday afternoon



Lorna and Laura are two American journalists working in London for a New York girls' magazine - 'Peepshow'. They were assigned the job of writing-up fantasy tales revolving around famous London landmarks and places of interest. The Tower of London was, of course, almost an immediate choice.

Lorna is tall and fair with long blonde hair and Laura is almost as tall - with hair that could be

described as Auburn. Both the girls are in their early twenties, adventurous - permissive, sophisticated - good photographers as well as slick journalists. One Sunday afternoon the two girls descended upon the Tower of London armed with cameras and cassettes and notebooks. They had been granted very special permission to stay behind in the Tower after closing time at sunset to take shots of the dungeons and some of the

Beefeaters in their traditional costumes. Later that year - the two girl journalists shocked the readers of 'Peepshow' over in the States by a bawdy account of their so-called sexy adventures in the Tower of London. The editor of the magazine had hesitated to publish an announcement in the following issue of 'Peepshow' explaining that the piece had been pure fantasy (if that is the proper expression!) and that the two girls had



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allowed their imaginations to run riot and that British Beefeaters were, of course, above reproach as Servants of Her Majesty's Government and Keepers of the Tower. The account as those few hours in the Tower of London - together with the coloured camera shots of the two girls - Lorne and Laura and the Beefeaters were syndicated throughout the world of girls magazines. Eventually it arrived on the editorial desk of this magazine. Needless to say - it is published together with the photographs in a spirit of high satire and fantasy and no reflection whatsoever is cast on the Members of the Tower of London Staff.

That brilliant Sunday afternoon in June - Lorne and Laura sat off from their London hotel to visit the Tower...

My name is Lorne and I am a natural blonde. My companion is Laura and she has the most beautiful reddish auburn hair. I won't make any bones about the fact that we are lesbians and having an affair. I am bitch and she is bitch. Mind you - we both like men and can make out with them if we want to - or if our editorial assignments demand it. We chose a hot Sunday afternoon to go look at the Tower of London - one of London's proudest and most historical places of interest. Outside the place we took some good action shots of the crowds milling around outside and inside the place. The old cobblestones and the trees and the ancient walls and the great atmosphere of the place just got us two girls. We roamed free all over the place as privileged journalists from New York and we didn't have to follow the guides around picking-up on English history. We just wanted to follow our noses - go into the Bloody Tower, the White Tower - take a look at the Tower's Gate - see the Crown Jewels and the spot where all the big-wigs of history were beheaded - you know the sort of thing, and not have to follow the guide around with the general public. We had ourselves a ball with our journalistic immunity!

We were both wearing light summer middie dresses with no hot tights and no bras and we only had little white bikini knickers on under our middie dresses and had ourselves a ball tuming on the male tourists by walking up and down the steep stone stairways showing all we'd got under our dresses! There must have been a long procession of English horns following us around that afternoon and early evening! Five times we were accosted by healthy young French and German tourists who thought they were on to a good thing when they found us in a particularly deserted stone passage or climbing up a winding spiral of stone steps leading to the top of some of the towers. Looking up the steps at a pair of beautifully shaped bare thighs and two pairs of sexy white drawers up under two floating flimsy blowing summer middie dresses, elongated the French and German pricks in no small way! One boy of about eighteen was so carried

away in a small cell at the top of one of the towers that he opened up his trousers then and there on the spot to show us his tool.

Needless to say, the handsome Beefeaters in their gorgeous gold and yellow and scarlet uniforms or costumes - whatever they call them - were all eyes! They must have got very uncomfortable under all that hot clatter - looking at Laura and me floating around like two sexy fannies! We asked if we could go into the Guard room to watch the Beefeaters changing back into civies to go off duty but this was pointedly refused. But we did get a chance to peek through the window of a small dormitory for resident soldiers in the soldiers' quarters and see a dozen or so strapping British lads lying on their beds on their Sunday afternoon off - relaxing in their white unders on top of their beds. They certainly looked a bunch of likely lads, as they say in London. Tanned and beautiful - some of them wearing just tiny little white or light blue bloomie briefs as they lay or sat on their beds talking and smoking and reading. Even though Laura and me are lesbian lovers we were aroused by the sight of these flowers of British military manhood relaxing in their dormitory on this hot summer afternoon. What would have happened if the lads had seen us two peeping in at them I just do not know. They would have all presented arms with their pricks on the word of command!

Had a pleasant and sexy interlude when we walked out onto a parapet on the battlements and found ourselves standing over a wide iron grill. Looking down we saw it was a sort of pantry or supplies store for a kitchen and we could see three soldier boys stripped to the waist handling large boxes and tins of army rations. Standing on this iron grill as we were, anyone looking up would have had an instant view right up our flimsy dresses and seen our crotchies between our thighs, to say nothing of our sexy little drawers! Needless to say the boys did look up when they heard the click-click of our heels on the iron grill. They let out a concerted whoop of coo-look-at-those-goddamn-them-stairs and various English military expressions appropriate to the occasion.

It must have been most provocative, for the sunburn was pouring down on us two girls on that battlement and highlighting our long tanned, naked legs and thighs and our white knickers and the playful breeze was fanning-out the folds of our middie dresses - fanning them out round our hips and our bottoms. To please the boys we both straddled our legs out so that they could see up us as much as possible and Laura actually squatted down on the iron bar for a moment or so as if she was going to have a pee and the boys looked up and just saw right in between the crotch of her knickers. Looking down and smiling at them we saw one boy was so carried away he unclipped his army issue trousers and whipped down his white briefs and showed us his erection. But it wasn't yelled the others at him and we...

were both surprised that they were so polite - or something.

We had to move on because the public were not allowed on the battlements, and we did not want to abuse our privileges too much since the Custodians of the Tower had been so good in giving us carte blanche to wander around the place. We walked away to the cheers and whistles of the frustrated boys who no doubt, had we been able to get into that small room beneath the grill, would have fucked us both to death!

When the time came for the public to have to leave for the day - we were of course, as I have said - allowed to stay on for the purpose of taking extra shots of the dungeons and spots of particular historic interest in the Tower and the grounds. We had a marvellous tea with the Beefeater staff in their quarters and were shown all over the Watchdog Room in which were kept the Beefeater uniforms - some of them dating back hundreds of years. Many of the Beefeaters were quite elderly but there were two - the beards and moustaches that made them look like something straight out of one of your Shakespeare plays. They were young - only in their thirties and they both took a shine to Laura and me.

After the older men had gone off duty or retired to their living quarters these two, Bob and Bill, stayed talking to us. We did not let on that we were lesbians. It could have spoiled all the fun. We talked about our magazine 'Peepshow' and how the editor was starting up a man-section full of naked men in full frontal colour shots in the Autumn issue. Would they be interested in posing for us in the nude so that we could take some shots back with us to the New York offices with a view to producing them in a forthcoming issue? They both thought it a great idea and suggested the shots were taken in one of the dungeons below the Tower which would give an authentic setting.

We all four went down to the dungeon which was pretty small but made of grey stone with straw all over the floor. Used for convicted prisoners hundreds of years ago said Bob. And you've no idea the awful tortures that have taken place in this dungeon put in Bill. Like pricks being cut off and balls being twisted off, laughed Bob. Lorne and I stopped - taking off our dresses first and taking shots of each other in our little knickers. They took them off as well and when we were stark naked we told the guys that back home we sometimes put on lesbian shows for the boys. Would they like us to put on a show for them? Both of them agreed pronto!

I took some close-ups between Lorne's thighs - open-crotch shots for the magazine and also returned the compliment by showing my breasts to the legs while the boys looked on, entranced. They were still in their Beefeater costumes because we wanted to shoot them looking authentic. Under all that clobber neither of us could tell whether they were horny or not but we guessed they must be after

going down all both our open cunts as we snuggled each other.

So we put on a show for them. I went down between Lorne's wide open thighs and poked her hairy cunt up into action until it was wide and gaping and her dark hole widened so that the boys could see right into it. Lorne always responds very quickly to me and gets on heat in next to no time. I tossed the lads to a close up exhibition of cunt-poking while Lorne lay back on a block of stone with her thighs stretched wide and all she's got showing is her big colour!

After I had poked her for a while Bob asked if he could feel up her too. Of course as I have said, neither of them knew we were lesbians otherwise no doubt they would have been too scared to ask. I looked at Lorne and she looked at me and she winked and nodded. After all - this was an editorial assignment and we had the mag to think of. So we agreed and Bob knelt down by the side of the stone block and looked straight at Lorne between her legs. As Bill and I watched he carefully inserted two fingers and started to poke her. I was quite surprised and maybe a little bit jealous to see that Lorne started to respond to him and she began to buck her hips and bottom up and down as she felt his strong fingers probing right up into her. When he started to slide her stiff clitoris she really went to

town! Her juices trickled out of her and we could see the rim of her red cunt opening and closing round Bob's fingers as his thumb massaged her clitoris as his finger masturbated her passage.

I looked at Bill and saw that he had kned up the skirt of his uniform and unbuttoned his red breeches, got his long stiff cock out and was rubbing the head of it with his finger and thumb. I divided my attention between watching Bob masturbating Lorne and Bill masturbating himself. I was looking at Bill as he knelt on the hay on the floor with his breeches wide open and his hairy prick out full length now. I was looking at him when he started to shoot his white come out onto the hay as he kept his eyes averted on Lorne's great wet hole. When he had finished coming he looked at me, a bit red in the face and put his prick back and did up his costume breeches again. I smiled at him pleasantly and looked at Bob and Lorne again. He had taken his fingers out of her and was looking intently at her pulsating hole which was expanding and contracting all by itself and I knew that Lorne was enjoying orgasms without any movements being made in her. She would often do that after I had poked her and it was terribly easy to watch. Yes - I did begin to feel a bit jealous to think that Bob has been able to rouse her so much. As for Bob - he got up off his knees and sat on the stone by Lorne's side and looked at me as I knelt on the hay straw floor. Biggest cunt I've seen in a long time, he said. Then he opened up his breeches like his friend had and when they were taping wide I could see his white under and he stood up and his breeches went down to his knees. Sitting down again he lifted up the skirt of his uniform and I saw this great hairy red monster of a cock sticking straight out from his body - the knob as red as parts of his costume. I recall thinking that, after all the dreadful tortures that must have gone on in this dismal dungeon over the centuries - how rare to think that now there were two sexy girls and two healthy, virile men in it and that the pleasures and the delights of sex were being experienced now instead of dread of pain and torture and most probably - ultimate death on the headman's block outside in the grounds of the Tower.

Prompted by those good thoughts I smiled at Bob and took his large pink prick between my finger and thumb and started to masturbate him. Lorne sat up just as I had started on Bob and looked down at his prick. Bigger than many a Yank cock she said to me and I nodded as I began to massage his swelling and prupling knob. He pulled up the skirt of his costume higher than his waist and opened up his thighs still more and his bollocks flopped up and down on the stone seat as I wallowed his cock with increasing speed. He lay back on his elbows, looking down at his wet prick as it swelled up even bigger and softer under my clever ministrations. Lorne now joined me on the floor to look between Bob's hairy thighs as now, in the throes of coming orgasms, he lay right back

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and lifted his legs and thighs into the air until his dark and hairy asshole was exposed to us all. As he started to shoot white come out of his peeing prick Lorne and I both saw the pink rim of the opening to his asshole contracting and expanding in rhythm to his prick pulsations as he went on shooting into the air - the stuff falling back onto his tummy and scattering in little splatters when drops all around. Then his ejaculation died down and he slowly sat up.

Lorne and I took plenty more colour shots of the two men in their colourful costumes. Then with the camera at automatic, the four of us posed for foursome shots of Rob and Bill standing behind us with us naked and looking up at them. Then I asked Bob if he would be an actor for our magazines and pose with Lorne for some screwing shots. The idea would be, I said - feeling quite inspired - that we would transport the readers back into the Middle Ages with a naked prisoner in the cell being visited by a wench who was in love with him and he has it away with her - see - for the very next day he's due to have it chopped off. His head - not his prick and balls! We would tell readers we were taking them back in time, right to the Middle Ages and that Sir Lancelot or Fucksalot or Screwsalot was having his last wish granted him - yeah - that's a good story-line - having his last wish granted him that he can screw his wench so that she will have his baby boy (he hoped) and keep the Fucksalot or Screwsalot dynasty going for future generations.

Bob was well pleased with the idea of stripping off in front of us dams and performing properly on top of and in Lorne and Bill thought it was a swell





idea too. So Bob stripped off his boy, he had a magnificent body - just the right torso to send American wives rushing for their vibrators and a quaker in the litchies! He was pleasantly hairy but not too much so and had a Jesus Christ holy face - like a man going to his own execution. Now Lorne and me saw his fab prick in proper perspective and proper surroundings - naked flesh and black hair. After his work we guessed he would have more staying power and wouldn't come into Lorne until I'd taken a lot of satisfactory shots from all angles.

Before I started to arrange the poses for the twosome shots I asked Bill to strip off as well and pose for some work-and-suck shots of me with him for another section of the magazine - so's he shouldn't feel out of it and so that we could take back with us some even more erotic shots. Lorne worked the camera and flashes while Bill - now beautifully naked and equally attractive

as Bob - posed for some erotic shots such as a close-up of me hand working him, a close-up of his knob going into my mouth, a close-up of his prick inside my hole and coming out and some close-ups of him poking and sucking me off. He kept a magnificent hole on all throughout the action and I said gee man, you're wasting your time on this Beefeater lark when you could be doing beefcake blue films and making a pile. He said he might consider changing his career! If you two went over to the States, I said - you'd both make small fortunes in blue films. You'd go over big as representatives of two typical English specimens, right?

After we had finished with the shots of Bill he got himself washed by Lorne just in case he found it difficult picking his prick back into his briefs while it was still stiff and anyhow it wouldn't be far so have submitted him to all that arsement and then for him not to be given an opportunity to have his nice

young body worked off by one of us gals. Lorne did him a hand job at the last minute and called to me to reload the camera to catch a come shot of him just as he started to spurt out. I managed to get several good takes of it all coming out and some of it landing on one of Lorne's wenchies Mr. Green! She's on the ball - that girl.

So we started to arrange camera-angles for the scenes where Bob, as a condemned prisoner, is visited by his wench and allowed to be left alone with her for the purposes of leeching her. When it was all fixed I started to take shots. First of Bob alone in the cell playing around in solitary with his cock and wondering will his bird turn up before it's too late and he gets the chop at dawn the next day. Then one of Bill as the Beefeater taking Lorne (Bob's wench) at the door of the dungeon. (Please let me in to be fucked by Sir Screwslot so that I may have his beausonby son and keep the family

name going?) Ah - I said - maybe a shot here of Bill saying okay baby you can come in and get screwed but on one condition. And that is? - Lorna is saying. And that is, answers big Bill the Beefeater - if you will do the 69 with me. Lorna as the wench isn't so hot or enthusiastic so Bill has to explain, you see - exactly what 69 means. It's not about figures, he says. Well - maybe it is about figures - human figures he goes on to say. So he does an illustration with his fingers to show what 69 is all about and the dame agrees - anything to get Sir Screwlet's prick up me you see?

So I had Bill, stripped off like I said, doing the 69 thing with Lorna and I had them posed in the two different positions - Lorna looking up at Bill's prick over her face while he does the blow job on her between her open thighs and then her with her thighs wide open over his face and her doing the suck job on his knob with her face over his open thighs. They made super shots and I hope they can stay in the photo-story-line for publication.

Then down to the dirty-gitty of Lorna posing with the forlorn but horny Bob (Sir Screwlet) having his lid pumped into her. The two of them really got enthusiastic over it. I was surprised at Lorna. She must be less let than I thought or maybe its just that she's dedicated to the job, huh? I got some super shots of the two of them playing around with each other - the suck job and the hand job and then various shots of her doing the job properly. When he was finally inside her for real and I said okay - it's in the can, he went on fucking her for real and Bill and I sat in the hay waiting for the grand climax, and watching the two of them. Bill looked at me as if to say how's about you an' me joining twist and tool and I looked between his thighs to see if he was on the horn again and of course he was. So, to console him and while we watched Bob leading up to his climax in Lorna I did a good hand job on him and he managed to come good just as it was obvious Bob was shooting his stink right up into Lorna. Christake, I said to myself - that girl will sure have to have a good washout before I got down to her cunt again!

Lorna and I got dressed and so did Bob and Bill. We all went back to the Refectory at the Tower and had supper. By now it was close on eleven that Sunday evening and Lorna and I were escorted to the gates of the Tower by one of the more elderly Beefeaters who was dressed in a black and scarlet uniform and looking very imposing. We got into our saloon car and drove back to the swish hotel at which we were staying just off Piccadilly. Once in our double bedroom we held an inquest on the day's doings. From a journalistic point of view the assignment had been a great success. We had taken dozens of shots of the inside of the Tower of London that would be of great interest to our readers way back in New York and all over the United States and we had plenty of real erotic shots of the gongs-on in that deep, dark, dungeon!





That is the story as far as *Levi and Lorna* are concerned! But it is emphasised again that it must have been all fantasy on the part of those two jolly lesbians. An expert historical set architect states that the interior shots of the dungeons in the Tower are obviously studio shots - the stones in the walls are far too fresh! And the uniform he says - to be real genuine dungeon walls hundreds of years old. And as for the hay or the straw on the stone floor of the dungeon - it is never seen inside the Tower these days. Oh well - form your own conclusions, that is all we can say!

NEXT MONTH

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Mary Millington

**GOES WEST
ITALIAN STYLE**





You'll scarcely believe this, but I'm going to make sure that you do before I finish this. As you all know I'm the sort of girl who because of my looks is usually being asked to take my clothes off and model my naked body for money. I'm happy to report that if both the money and the circumstances are right then I will do just that for anyone. I'm no slag, but I think that if you have a body then you should show it off to the maximum number of people.

Now although I have made all sorts of films, one thing that I have never done so far is actually make a real film in a real film studio. I've often worried about this, and wondered if I would look just like any other girl when I got in among the lovely-bodied and sexually willing girls who throng the corridors of opportunity at Hollywood or any other great cinema centre. I used to think that I wouldn't have a chance against some of them and it used to depress me. And then one day last month a letter came into my life and after it a phone call. Both of them changed my life - and for the better.

I had met this Italian producer with the giveaway name of Italo at a party in London some time ago. He was a typically bottom-punching Italian, and even though some people like the type, I'm not really in favour of that sort of thing. I don't mind having my bottom punched as an act of personal appreciation, but when it comes to a man who feels that he has to do it to every girl he meets then there is no personal pleasure at all, and it makes a girl feel like a much admired cow rather than a woman who is appreciated for her looks. Italo was the puncher of all time and he was a real squid. Usually I could go for men like him, as although he was a small fat little man in his forties, he was still physically attractive enough to make my quern ween. But he saw me as a piece of available furniture and when I came to thinking of his offer to go to bed with him then I turned him down flat speedily. He was very upset, and I think that he would have liked to slap me there and then but I knew too many people at this party and he would undoubtedly have been thumped if he had tried

anything like that in Britain.

Which is why it came as a really amazing surprise to hear from him ever again. I got this extraordinary and fabulous letter from a Rome film studio, and with it was a personal handwritten note from this failed Romeo apologising for his behaviour and asking me if I would like to fly to Rome - all expenses paid - and have a screen test for some epic or another that they were due to screen in the near future. The part wouldn't be all that big, but it would be a start, and if I would consent to go there I could be his personal guest. He said that he had seen photos of me in magazines and that he thought I would be just right.

Like most girls when the idea of films is mentioned I was extremely flattered. I didn't like this Italian person much, but when someone tells a girl that she has what it takes to wow the masses then a girl really does feel that she is lovely. I raced into the bathroom and immediately stripped off my clothes. There in the full-length mirror I saw my firm, naked body and I started to stroke and examine it. I was young, my hair was blonde, my body was shining with health and vigour. I was like a young blonde seal and when I watched my breasts they stuck up and looked good. I looked at my body in profile and I could see that there wasn't the slightest degree of sag in my naked breasts, and that the front of my belly was hard and firm. I suppose, in this dispassionate look at my body, if there was one word that I could honestly have used about myself then firm was the word. My body was just like that and I knew it. I thought about it for a time and then I decided that I would like to give the idea a try. I think, though, that even then I would probably have left it at that but six days later there was a phone call from Rome! No kidding, all the way from Rome, Italy...

It was the small and grubby Italo and he wanted to have my answer. Hearing him almost put me off but finally, after a lot of that, I agreed to come out there on condition that when I got there I would be able to have my own room and that this would ensure that I got something like privacy and



would take me far away from his unrequited attentions. At first he hesitated when he heard this condition, and then he seemed to give the equivalent of a verbal shrug. I told him to take it or leave it but he seemed to take it, and then he gave way and I was in. It was Rome or bust for me. Or should I say Rome and bust!

I'm not the sort of person to get over-excited by this sort of thing but I must confess that I danced with joy when I got the phone down. Even if anything went really wrong then I would have a full, all paid for week in the lovely city of Rome I had been there once on a package holiday but this time I would go there in style and stay there in style also. So when the next morning I drove to London Airport and travelled first class to Rome I felt just great. To think that soon I would be standing in front of a camera and having a really good time and walk around among all those bronzed film stars!

Well, in we all know day dreams are one thing and harsh reality is another. And when I got to Rome I knew that my fantasies about Italy were soon to be realized. He immediately started to suggest that I should come and stay with him, but again I refused and asked to be put on the very next plane back to London if there was any more of this. Finally he saw that there was nothing at all to be gained from pressing me and then he ordered his chauffeur to get me to this luxury hotel in the heart of Rome. It was just ducky and there was more fun on the floor that you would get on a flock of sheep. Very deep pile, and a great deal of gold-for luxury.

But the very next morning I was a different person. I was like a jelly with the butterflies and then I was driven out to the studios on the outskirts of the city. It was a large place, but independent of most of the great film groups, and Italo was the boss. But when it came to taking the tests I was left alone and in that period of making the screen tests Italo showed that even though he might have been a real beast he was the complete professional when it came to his job. Even though I didn't like him all that much, I still had to admit that he knew his

job and was super at it.

The test consisted of staring, well not quite staring, in an Italian western. You know the sort of thing. I had to play this white girl who had fallen into the hands of the Indians and was rescued by this famous actor. Well, actually he wasn't all that famous and he went under the name of Clint Carlo. He came from Seattle, and he had a huge drawl, and he looked about as Italian as curry. But he was incredibly handsome in a very heavy way, and there was this air of complete male magnetism about him that left me breathless. He was introduced to me before the test and then he said that he thought I would be a great success and that he would like to take me out that evening. He certainly didn't waste much time getting his car in.

But I didn't mind this at all and was in fact very glad to see that someone was taking an interest in me. He was very courteous and considerate and even though I had already heard that he was the sort that could get any woman that he wanted, I was still flattered by him. I did the test and I passed it. Italo was really very marked when he heard that the great Clint Carlo had asked me out, and even more annoyed when he heard that I had accepted. But there was nothing that he could do about it, and in the film world these days the star is usually almost as important as the producer.

When the tests were over Italo called on and then they told me that I would certainly have a small part. I saw that Clint was saying something to Italo and they seemed to have an argument. I heard afterwards that Clint was telling Italo that he was taking me out, and that if Italo didn't like it then he could get himself another lead star. Italo crumpled pathetically at this and he apologized to Clint who took me manfully by the arm and then stalked off the set with me hanging on to his powerful arm. I felt like someone who had lost the power of independent movement and there are very few men who can make me feel like this. So I went with him and then into his lovely, long, imported, American car, with a chauffeur at the wheel. I'm not mad about luxury goods and flash ap-

pearances but there are times when a week of complete luxury is balm to a girl's self-esteem and then Carlo man certainly knew how to turn on the charm and the oil for me.

He took me back to the hotel to change and then he said that he would come back for me later that evening and take me to his favourite restaurant. I dashed up the stairs of the luxury hotel like a young schoolgirl with her first big autograph, and when I got to the suite I stripped and got under the shower. When I came to throw my panties off I found that they were soaked with love-juice, and I realised that I had been so excited that I had been coming again and again with the feverish events of the day. Then when I was under the shower I gave my naked, wet body a good lathering and being something of a wet sex addict I started to admire my wet curves and that naturally excited me. Now as a rule I don't really like doing too much to myself before I meet a man for the evening. I find that this can take the edge off the sex that is bound to follow later on. But in this case, what with all the exciting events of the day, I just couldn't resist starting to peed myself with my fingers, and when my slippery fingers encountered my muff that was like a water-filled sponge there on my belly, I just couldn't stop at all and in no time I was at myself for sexual reasons.

Completely heedless of comfort or anything like that, I got out from under the shower and went out to the bedroom. I looked at myself in the mirror again, liked very much what I saw, and then lay down on the rug-covered floor. I felt the warmth of the furry rug envelope me and I stretched my body up again. It was still damp from the effects of the shower but the contrast between the chill of my body and the warmth of the rug did the trick, and soon there was a delicious glow spreading through my body and down along my thighs.

This was just what I wanted and I settled down to giving myself a very careful and excitingly slow wank. It was just right - very slow, and with the maximum amount of attention to myself. I like taking my time with this sort of thing and I

find that the slower it is the greater the pleasure, and the very much longer that one can preserve all the right sexual sensations. I like thinking of what my body must look like when I am doing this and feeling myself all along my entire length. Then when I have this mental picture of myself I start to get really into myself, and then it's just a matter of sheer working off after that.

This was a really nice one, and from the moment that my finger went inside myself I could tell by the amount of juice that was there that when I climaxed it would be a very strong one. I inserted the finger even more than usual, and then the gap was wide enough I got two more in and soon I had a reasonable facsimile of the cock in there. But a hand is sometimes much better than a cock, which after all is tied to another person's body, and also you can take your time with yourself while a man's cock is always driving, driving and never giving you all that much time to savour the pleasure.

This particular wank took me almost an hour. But I usually find that when I have had one as long as that I inevitably never really know when I am actually going to have the orgasm proper. It just sort of creeps up on me, and then I am blasted rotten by the sudden discharge and wave of their sexual heat that washes over my entire frame.

This was no different from the rest, and soon I was well under way. One moment there was just me feeling myself and feeling just lovely, when the next moment here I was, moaning and sweating and writhing and feeling every part of my body that I could. My hands were pressed firmly against my quins and I was pressing down hard on it. Anything to try to ease the pounding tension of the come that tore through me. It was just right and when finally the clotted spasms ceased I got up rather shakily and looked at myself in the mirror.

My entire body was covered with a pink sheen, the sort of colour that only sex or complete satisfaction will give you. My breasts were full and hot and firm and my quins was just like a soft lump of fiery coal. I touched the inside of it for a

moment and it was roasting in there. Then I got back under the shower, and after a time I gradually returned to normal and took a long time dressing and chose my clothes with care. To be frank, I wanted to impress this Carlo chap and when he eventually called for me I could see by the look of frank sexuality that he gave me that I was very much what he wanted. I had a feeling that I was certainly going to have this luxurious bunk before much more of the night was over. I was right about that one...

He was a very sexy man really and from the moment that he got me in the car I felt as though there was some great porno waiting to spring at me if I was ever off-guard for a moment. I knew that he liked his women to be sexy, and I did everything I could with my body to make him realise that the girl in the car with him - me - would be fully worthy of a visit from his cock. He had given the chauffeur the night off and I knew by this that he fully intended business. But I could never have guessed that inside men like Clint Carlo there are strange currents that never become visible until long afterwards. Clint was what they call 'a deep one'. Well, so too in a way was I.

We went to this lovely restaurant in the Alban Hills overlooking Rome. The air was soft and the atmosphere was like that in a movie. The only difference was that this was real, and that I was with a genuine film star who would soon have the place at his feet. He certainly had most of the waiters in the restaurant fawning and there was a period when he could do nothing except sign autographs between mouthfuls. Finally we left the restaurant, and I was feeling very excited now as this was the time when things should really start to happen. They did, as it happened, but not in the car as I had expected.

He said that he would like to take me to his chalet in the hills on the other side of where we now were. One thing about these actors, they really do know how to live, and even if this character was once poor he certainly had acquired all the perks that make that sort of life so eminently desirable. I agreed to come back with him and he

smiled at me in a hungry male way and said "I thought you would". I would not have taken that sort of remark from another man but from him it somehow didn't matter all that much. He was Mr Big Male and I was his mate for the night and that was it. It was purely a sexual contract, and I knew that when we came to make love the thing that would be foremost in our minds would not be so much mutual liking as mutual adoration of our respective bodies and performances.

But how wrong can you be about men? When I first had eyes on him I really thought that he was one of those virile hunks of humanity who are mostly cock and know how to use it. That was true up to a point, but what I didn't realise was that there was something wrong with Clint. Some sexual inhibition made him have to act a part even when he was screwing a woman. It wasn't until we had got back to his luxurious house and were kissing and feeling that I realised that something was rather wrong. Because when I told him to take me roughly he suddenly suffered and I thought that he was going to cry for a moment. Then he said the word - "I can't". I looked at him in complete amazement. "What do you mean, you can't?" I asked him. Then he told me his little secret and I realised just again how little we really know about people.

For Clint Carlo the great lever had a sexual hangup. Due to something in his nature he was actually inhibited about having sex unless there was something fantastic or dramatic about it. For that reason it was completely impossible for him to have sex with me in the normal way. I just stared at this really virile looking guy in amazement. Then he told me that there was one way that he could have it, and that was when he went to bed with a girl in his cowboy gear. He said that he liked to pretend that he was a cowboy who had just blown into town, and that I would have to pretend to be the town maid, and that he could then have me for all he was worth. I was tempted to leave him there and then but I guess that I really fancied the guy too much for that and besides it might be interesting. Also I felt rather sorry for him and that's

another of the Millington traits for you - I love to help lame ducks in distress. And this one was as lame as they come.

I told him to get ready and then I got into bed, nude. I stroked my body and tried to look both fallen and sexy and then to astonishing sight filled the doorway. There framed against the light stood Clint. He was wearing nothing but this gunbelt with two guns in the holsters. On his head was this steeple hat and he wore cowboy boots with spurs. The spurs were made of rubber, and I guess this was to avoid boring anyone he might be in bed with. He looked just weird and then he came over to me and I saw that he had this really magnificent hard on. Well, whatever hangups he might have he certainly had a good cock and I knew that it might be okay after all.

He crawled into bed with me and kept calling me "Mina Mary" as though he was in a Western movie. He had this fake drawl, and he narrowed his eyes like a gunfighter and then he touched my stuff for the first time. There was something rather perversely exciting about the bandolier of his belt pressing against my smooth naked body, and I capped it up for him, looking really like a Wild West where and thrusting my jutting breasts into his face and telling him how good they were and how I would give him a good time as I liked cowboys. He got very excited at that and I could see that I was getting through to him. Then I had him in my arms, and I felt the raw heat of his tool as it touched my belly for the first time. I took the rigid penis in my hand and teased it back and forth. It caught fire in my hand, and when it was nice and hard I pushed it firmly against my quim.

That was when I got another surprise and one of the most bizarre in my life. As you know I have slept with most kinds of men and a lot of women and girls, but never have I encountered anything as kinky as this one. For when I was like that with his tool going at me suddenly he stopped and glared at me. He told me that I was trying to cheat him and that I would have to pay for this. He said that he was going to shove his ass-gun up my quim and that if I didn't satisfy him then he

would shoot me there.

I thought that he was kidding, and that this was another of his fastidious and then I realised how wrong I was. For he whipped out one of the guns and then I saw that the barrel was in fact one long dildo! Believe it or not, as you please, but it's completely true. He got the dildo and jammed it into my quim before I could say a word, and then he told me to pull him with my hands and if I didn't satisfy him in a hurry then he would shoot me. So I started on his big meaty weapon and I gave it a very good pull. But every so often he would jam the great hairy dildo far up me and tell me to hurry. The dildo was not inside me, and even bigger than his cock would have been, and then when he said that I was now satisfying him he pulled out this extraordinary gun from my quim and then climbed on me and inserted a different type of gun altogether - more real and all his own.

Once he got going after this fantasy interlude he was a good lover. His meat was strong and heavy and when he finally came off inside me he showed that once aroused he held a good flood in there. He drenched my quim with semen, and then when he pulled out his cock he got going with that gun-dildo again, and this time he brought me off with it. That was the way that he went on all night with everything that he had buried on something out of the Wild West. He really loved that part and I will wonder to this day what his audiences who watched his rugged film performances think of him. But I know what makes him tick, and when finally I left Rome at the end of the week with the small part shot in the film, I knew that the famous Clint Carlo was certainly one cowboy who lived his dreams to the very limit.

For although Clint might have been slow in the saddle, when the chips were down he was quick in my drawers. Like I said once, about something completely different, it's a very strange world we live in.



Claudine...



Claudine...





Queen Victoria was not amused. But she was not interested, either. Because she just did not believe that girls and women could and did fall physically in love. So she refused to sign a Government Paper outlawing lesbianism. Since those times, lesbians have been allowed to pursue their love lyrics undisturbed, whereas their

DESIRE BETWEEN WOMEN

the enigma of lesbian love

male counterparts — the gay boys, have been and still are branded from pillar to post as being unnatural and perverted in their sexual tastes, preferences and practices.

Here is a short story, based on real life girls — about the more tender side of homosexual love — that which can truly exist between two young girls...



In the South London pub, house, Rita, the buxom girl of twenty-three with the sweep-back auburn hair and the voluptuous figure, looked across the horseshoe bar at the bitch girl who had been staring at her over her drink for a long time. The bitch girl, Roma, had fawn hair long, almost to her shoulders and, in fact — to the sharp observer of these things, would have seemed to have been far more of a bitch femme than Rita with her sweep-back hair. These girls can be very deceptive. The beautiful, fragile bitch can easily turn out to be a strong, dominating, active bitch and the tough looking kid in jeans

and the short hair-do is likely to whizz away under the touch of a real bitch girl.

Rita studied across the horseshoe bar at Roma and the two girls knew at once that the strange chemistry of girl lovers was at work. Rita's knickers were growing excitedly damp as Roma gazed at her with desire in her eyes. Rita was wearing a very short white pleated linen dress and a tight, tight black turtleneck top this hot summer evening. She had no tights or stockings on but a pair of black leather knee-high boots. Under the linen skirt she wore the inmost of snap knickers in deep purple with a white lace edging to the legs. Under her tank top

her breasts were free and her end, stiffening nipples could be seen clearly. Roma, on the other hand, instead of wearing tough grubby jeans as usually becomes a bitch, wore a short black kilt, mini style, red boots to her knees and a red open-necked shirt. No tights or stockings and a pair of show-white knickers in some soft crumpled cotton material under her sexy miniskirt.

Roma took up the smile that Rita was flashing across to her and, taking her glass of lager and lime across to Rita, bought her a brandy and coke without a murmur and stood next to her. Their warm hands touched — their fingers

linked and both of them knew that, in a very short time — they would be alone together in some room somewhere in South London.

That their two bodies would be aflame and aflame with expressions of love — and lust.

With the jungle heat of the drums on stage and the melodic music from the electric organ in their ears — Rita and Roma left the small pub hand in hand. Within moments they were speeding away on Roma's Vespa to a small flat in the Elephant and Castle area. Up a few flights of dark stairs and Roma switched on the lights in her flat and led the way into a large bedroom in which was a



really quite sumptuous looking double bed with a lovely semi-circular headboard and a soft sun cream-coffee coverlet bedspread.

Hardly a word passed between their lips as Rita stepped herself naked in front of Roma who stood watching her. Off came Rita's sexy short white pleated skirt and mini top - to reveal her large, creamy white breasts with nipples already red and pointed. To reveal her deep purple drawers with the exciting white lace edging - to reveal the dark damp patch in the centre of the slowly opening

girl's thighs. Rita flung herself onto the bed with a long drawn out sigh and looked at Roma who was now stripping her clothes off as well. Roma stood there a second or so later with large round breasts - angry red-brown nipples - heaving and agitated, as her legs for Rita sent her blood rushing to them. Rita put on a black garterbelt and a pair of black silk stockings Roma handed to her and Roma put on a pair of black leather boots as she joined her new lover on the soft double bed.

Roma pulled Rita roughly up from the bed and threw herself down on it so that her

long legs were hanging on the edge - her boot-clad feet on the floor. Rita knew what was expected of her. She spread her luscious trembling thighs over Roma's face - exposing her now very wet and gaping cunt-lips as Roma's gaze. Roma's face was immediately underneath and between Rita's outspread thighs and the girl's scents and perfumes from the young girl's responsive body assailed Roma's delicate nostrils as she gazed up at the fleshy wonders of this young girl's opened lips and gaping, dark, moisturous hole - glistening with pre-come white froth

generated by absolute excitement and desire.

Roma spread wide open the creamy, trembling buttocks of her new lover and gazed at the darkish, rectal lips puckered and quivering and then at the red hole itself that no man had ever or would ever assault with a stiffened and lusty red prick. Roma parted the gash and gazed deeply into the dark hole that was now beautifully clear and defined and glistening wet. Defiantly she inserted a finger and started to masturbate this young girl who knelt over her, giving herself in complete surrender



As Roma's busy and sophisticated finger was joined by yet another one - Rita went down between Roma's wide open thighs and gazed at her bitch lover's gaping cunt and saw the aggressive strength of it and knew that that hole as well, had never been invaded and never would be invaded by long, thick and ugly pricks of some banal man. She pressed her lips deeply into the fleshy gap between the red hot lips and sucked the love juices away from Roma who began to come immediately - filling Rita's lovely lips and mouth with her desire-juices. At the same time - Roma's fingers were now away from Rita's cunt and her tongue, too, was exploring the deep mysteries of the young girl's cunt.

For what seemed hours these two young and mesmerized girl-lovers sucked at each other - Rita's large, hanging breasts heaving and pressing into Roma's naked tummy and hairy pelvis as the girls fought to outdo each other in climax. This was the love that can spring up between two beautiful girls - the love that no woman, unless she is a lesbian - can experience with any man. Within the hour - Rita's excited, trembling young body had sunk right down onto Roma's face and mouth and her own lips had buried themselves deeply between Roma's outstretched thighs as they widened and gaped open on the edge of the bed, her feet in the black leather boots on top-toe with excitement and with the power of her multiple orgasms.

What seemed to be hours later - the two girls sat at the small table in the kitchen sip-

ping late-night coffee. They spoke very little. Their bodies had been adequate to translate their sudden desire and love for each other and their sucking lips had said more than any words could express. After the coffee, some sandwiches and cigarettes - the two girls went back to the supposition bed Roma laid on top of Rita and their pelvises met - their stuffed and excited clits joined together and, in the classic act of lesbian tribadism - Roma fucked Rita who, with thighs spread wide apart, received Roma lying in between them - her stiff clitoris rubbing hard, swiftly and energetically against Rita's equally stiff and red and agitated clitoris until the two girls came one against the other - their hot love-juices mingling in a white froth - glistening in their hairs - running down the insides of their thighs - making seductive sucking sounds between them as their bodies rose and fell and jerked and jumped one against the other in the passionate delights of lesbian love.

This was the beginning of a long and a lyrical relationship between the two lovely young vital girls who met in that gay pub that hot summer night and knew - at once - as soon as their eyes met - that the magic chemistry of lesbian love had mixed and fused and blended together for the both of them.

Within a week - Rita had moved in with Roma from her lonely bedsit in the Wandsworth Road and the two girls had set up home together. Sometimes - Roma, in the flat - would dress up as a real bitch - in tight blue jeans or denims and boy's shirts but

Rita always dressed as a true femme in long flowing silk dresses and devastating undies - flimsy and transparent or in heavy silks and satins. Roma was a store demonstrator in a large London store and while she was out all day - Rita was the pretty little wife - keeping the flat spotless and clean and making the evening meal for them both when Roma returned at six each evening in her Volvo, from the London store.

They made love every night that long hot summer. Sometimes Roma would fuck Rita with a long ten inch plastic vibrator but in the main - the two girls preferred to touch and to finger and to poke one another and, in the final throes of their love-making, to suck each other to death invariably - first thing in the morning, before they both got up - Rita to make breakfast for her lover before she set off in her car to the London store - invariably Roma would pounce on Rita's naked body in the bed and straddle her with her open thighs and fuck her - or Rita would open up her long elegant legs and have Roma between them - fucking her

violently until the sheets beneath their feet, supporting bodies was wet with their loving-making.

Each evening they would go out pubbing - to the little pub where first they had met or to the various gay pubs in South London. They kept exclusively to themselves - happy in their great love for one-another. Sometimes Roma would go out with Rita dressed in full bitch style but at other times she preferred to go out dressed in fragile and availing femme gear and their many friends and acquaintances would be dazzled and baffled by the sight of the apparently femme lesbians holding hands and kissing in dark corners of the gay pubs and clubs they visited.

Sometimes - the love between lesbians far transcends the love between a boy and a girl - a man and a woman. Sometimes tragedy intervenes - but in this not the case between many lovers - the world over? But between Roma and Rita - love flourished and grew and grew. This happened ten years ago. They are still together in that flat in the Elephant and Castle.



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Your Christmas Supprise



Though she says she's going to be one of the surprises in our Christmas issue. In response to a challenge from one of our readers we are featuring her with a

LIGHTED Christmas candle up her puss! (did we have trouble answering that challenge!) But that's in the Xmas issue - in the meantime we hope you like this set







Amateur Models

In this feature, the models and the photographers are pure amateurs or semi-professionals. We pay £25 each month to the best set received. This month's model is Mrs Karen Lumley from Newcastle; the pictures were submitted by her husband Roger. If you would like pictures published in this section send them direct to the publisher: Mary Millington, 1539 London Rd., London S W 16 (all entries should be accompanied by an SAE).







PETRA

from Yugoslavia

Petra is an Au Pair from Yugoslavia. She loves posing in into any ordinary glamour poses, hence these very the most uninhibited positions! We couldn't get her naughty pussy poses!





